

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take y<sup>e</sup> Crown,  
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.

2. Poore foule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.

4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of *Caesar* might  
Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,  
And none so poore to do him reuerence.

O Masters! If I were dispos'd to stirre

Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,

I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:

Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,

Then I will wrong such Honourable men.

But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caesar*,

I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will:

Let but the Commons heare this Testament:

(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,

And they would go and kisse dead *Caesars* wounds,

And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;

Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,

And dying, mention it within their Willes,

Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie

Vnto their issue.

4. Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.

*All.* The Will, the Will; we will heare *Caesars* Will.

*Ant.* Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.

It is not meete you know how *Caesar* lou'd you:

You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:

And being men, hearing the Will of *Caesar*,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad;

'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,

For if you should, O what would come of it?

4. Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:

You shall read vs the Will, *Caesars* Will.

*Ant.* Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?

I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,

I feare I wrong the Honourable men,

Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Caesar*: I do feare it,

4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?

*All.* The Will, the Testament.

2. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

*Ant.* You will compell me then to read the Will:

Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Caesar*,

And let me shew you him that made the Will:

Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?

*All.* Come downe.

2. Descend.

3. You shall haue leaue.

4. A Ring, stand round.

1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2. Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

*Ant.* Nay presse not vpon me, stand farre off.

*All.* Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

*Ant.* If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember

The first time euer *Caesar* put it on,

'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,

That day he ouercame the *Nervii*.

Looke in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:

See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:

Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his cur'd Steele away:

Marke how the blood of *Caesar* followed it,

As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd

If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Caesars* Angel.

Iudge, O you Gods, how deere *Caesar* lou'd him:

This was the most vnkindest cut of all.

For when the Noble *Caesar* saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,

And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,

Euen at the Base of *Pompeys* Statue

(Which all the while ran blood) great *Caesar* fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?

Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,

Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.

Onow you weepe, and I pereeue you feeble

The dint of pittie: These are gracious droppes.

Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold

Our *Caesars* Vesture wounded? Look you heere,

Heere is Himselfe, mar'd as you see with Traitors.

1. O pitteous spectacle!

2. O Noble *Caesar*!

3. O wofull day!

4. O Traitors, Villaines!

1. O most bloody fight!

2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge

About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,

Let not a Traitor liue.

*Ant.* Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.

*Ant.* Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre

To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:

They that haue done this Deede, are honourable,

What private griefes they haue, alas I know not,

That made them do it: They are Wife, and Honourable,

And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.

I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man

That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,

That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:

For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,

To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:

I tell you that, which you your selues do know,

Shew you sweet *Caesars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths

And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue

In euery Wound of *Caesar*, that should moue

The Stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

*All.* Wee'l Mutiny.

1. Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus*.

3. Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake

*All.* Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

*Ant.* Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath *Caesar* thus deseru'd your loues?

Alas you know not, I must tell you then:

You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

*All.* Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Will.

*Ant.* Heere is the Will, and vnder *Caesars* Seale:

To euery Roman Citizen he giues,

To euery feuerall man, seueny fine Drachmaes.

2. Pl.

2. Pl. Most Noble *Caesar*, wee'l reuenge his death.

3. Pl. O Royall *Caesar*.

*Ant.* Heare me with patience.

*All.* Peace hoe

*Ant.* Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,

His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,

On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,

And to your heyres for euer: common pleasures

To walke abroad, and recreate your selues.

Heere was a *Caesar*: when comes such another?

1. Pl. Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:

Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,

And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.

Take vp the body.

2. Pl. Go fetch fire.

3. Pl. Plucke downe Benches.

4. Pl. Plucke downe Formes, Windows, any thing.

*Exit Plebeians.*

*Ant.* Now let it worke: Mischiefe thou art a-foot,

Take thou what course thou wilt.

How now Fellow?

*Enter Seruant.*

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is hee?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Caesars* house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight, to visit him:

He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will giue vs any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*

Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people

How I had moued them. Bring me to *Octavius*. *Exit*

*Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.*

*Cinna.* I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Caesar*,

And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie:

I haue no will to wander forth of doores,

Yet something leads me forth.

1. What is your name?

2. Whether are you going?

3. Where do you dwell?

4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

2. Answer euery man directly.

1. I, and breecely.

4. I, and wisely.

3. I, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whether am I going? Where

do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellor? Then

to answer euery man, directly and breecely, wisely and

truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.

2. That's as much as to say, they are fooles that mar-

rie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede di-

rectly.

*Cinna.* Directly I am going to *Caesars* Funerall.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

*Cinna.* As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling: breecely.

*Cinna.* Breecely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. Your name fir, truly.

*Cinna.* Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.

*Cinna.* I am *Cinna* the Poet. I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4. Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad

Verbes.

*Cin.* I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his

name out of his heart, and turne him going.

3. Teare him, teare him; Come Brands hoc, Firebrands:

to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* House,

and some to *Caska's*; some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

*Exit all the Plebeians.*

### Actus Quartus.

*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*

*Ant.* These many then shall die, their names are prickt

*Octa.* Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus*?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Octa.* Pricke him downe *Antony*.

*Lep.* Vpon condition *Publius* shall not liue,

Who is your Sisters sonne, *Marke Antony*.

*Ant.* He shall not liue; looke, with a spot I dam him,

But *Lepidus*, go you to *Caesars* house:

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

*Lep.* What? shall I finde you heere?

*Octa.* Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus*

*Ant.* This is a slight vnmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit

The three-fold World diuided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

*Octa.* So you thought him,

And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye

In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.

*Ant.* *Octavius*, I haue seene more dayes then you,

And though we lay these Honours on this man,

To ease our selues of diuers stand'rous loads,

He shall but beare them, as the Ass beares Gold,

To groane and sweate vnder the Burfence,

Either led or driuen, as we point the way:

And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,

Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off

(Like to the empty Ass) to shake his eares,

And graze in Commons.

*Octa.* You may do your will:

But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

*Ant.* So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that

I do appoint him store of Prouender,

It is a Creature that I teach to fight,

To winde, to stop, to run directly on:

His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,

And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so:

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:

A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds

On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.

Which out of vse, and stal'd by other men